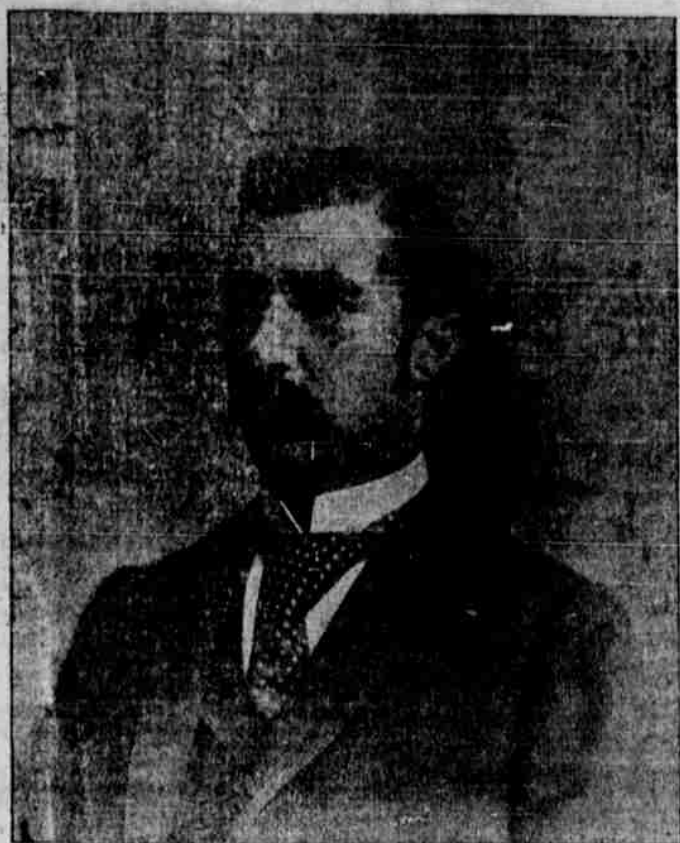


Sedalia Weekly Conservator.

VOL. 1.

SEDALIA, MISSOURI, FRIDAY, December 4, 1903.

NO. 31



Hon. J. H. Bothwell.

The CONSERVATOR is pleased to present to its many intelligent readers the half-tone likeness of one of our most highly esteemed citizens, the Hon. J. H. Bothwell, the Republican assemblyman from Pettis County. Mr. Bothwell has been very frequently mentioned, by many of our leading newspaper, daily and weekly, as the only feasible candidate for the Republican gubernatorial race of 1904.

We can frankly say that if Representative Bothwell should become the nominee, no citizen of Missouri is more eminently fitted

for this honorable and responsible position than he. He is a man, thruout whose full legislative career, no mention of dishonorable actions has been alleged.

All his public and private dealings has been characterized by the very highest degree of honesty and legislative integrity. Then too, he is a recognized leader in the Republican party councils.

Therefore, the CONSERVATOR sincerely hopes that Judge Bothwell will accept the nomination, when it shall be tendered to him next year.

BLACKLISTED SEDALIA.

The Sedalia Daily Capital informed us that the Tigers from the Normal School (L. L.) below, sick of their defeat in the recent contest with the Geo. R. Smith Deweys, went home with the blue and white dragging in the dirt, and tears running down their cheeks, hunted up the editor of the Tribune and registered a complaint of such a nature that he published a short article under the above header.

The Tigers say that they have "cut" the Deweys of their list for all games in the future.

Now boys that's down right silly. You know you can get no team in the State to play you, excepting the Deweys, in fact, she is the only institution in the state with whom you have any athletic relationship, so, boys, if you hold out in this, athletic sports in the Normal school will be a "dead one" in the future. They also exhibited a bruise to him as evidence of the Dewey's brutality. Their name, Tiger, does not suggest that they are babies, so the

Deweys prepared to play them as Tigers—sportsmen, and not as babies. Who ever saw a game of football in which no man got a hurt? But it was not the hurt or bruises that hurt most, it was the defeat. And, too, in dishing out blacklist to their neighbors, they should be sure to keep their share the largest share—for themselves. For there is not a team in the state that bears the reputation they do for ruffianism and unmanly deportment. If they will they can recall the last visit the Deweys made them, when they (Tigers) had men on the sideline with Zulu muskets to help them to win the game. Yes they remember, too, how one of their rooters got a long fence rail from a nearby fence and let the heavy end fall on the head of the Deweys, how they twisted Kibby's neck and spent the summer bragging about it. But the Deweys are men. They stayed on the field, finished the game, despite the Tiger's unsportsmanlike deportment, and won the highest praise from the sideline.

They came up here this season with a contract 35 feet long,

more or less, and could not stand up to it 35 minutes. It can not be said that the crowd kept them from winning the game, for no one had guns on the grounds but the officers and West. But the Deweys had superior knowledge of the game rules and maneuvers, and with these weapons the Tigers were beaten—yes badly beaten.

'Tis said that a dying man remembers all his sins. When the Deweys ran the score up to 16 points in 32 minutes, the Tigers saw their death they remembered how they had treated the Deweys to win games from them; they saw Columbia going down before them under the same treatment; they saw Sumner High School telephoning for police carriages to escort them from Lincoln Institute to the station for fear of being actually mobbed if they attempted to walk the distance; they saw themselves beating and chasing the Sumner High boys of the field; they remembered that by such methods they had taken games from all the teams in the state, and viewing the situation here. They saw no chance to use such methods—nothing but clean foot-ball was what they had to play so not knowing how to play it, they saw death staring them boldly in the face, and dying, they cried out a blacklist against the Deweys with a hope of injuring the Dewey's reputation as gentleman. Now that's an unlimited amount of "gall," but the Tigers have that, and other bad qualities in proportion.

DONIPHAN'S STEAM MUSIC BOX.

Doniphan, the county seat of Ripley county, is one town in Missouri, that has free music three times a day. An enterprising mechanical genius of that good town has invented a steam whistle upon which he plays most anything from Yankee Doodle to Nearer My God to Thee. Morning, noon and night, as surely as the times arrive, this steam calliope blasts forth its welcome strains. A representative of the Department of Publication of the Missouri World's Fair Commission, which is collecting material for the Missouri World's Fair volume being written by Walter Williams, was in Doniphan recently and was treated to "Home Sweet Home" for breakfast; "Feed Thon Me," for dinner; and "I'm Up Against the Real Thing Now" for supper. A few months ago a one-horse circus visited Doniphan. It had a small steam calliope, after the showmen had heard the local steam music grinder, they hauled their machine to the roadside where it remained until the show left town.

THANKSGIVING AT THE CHURCHES.

All of the churches of this city vied with each other as to thanksgiving feasts. Who one attempts to act as judge and say which was the best, he is reminded of the story of "Uncle Tom and the mule."

Uncle Tom undertook to teach a mule how to plow. The mule appeared to have forgotten all he ever knew about art. Uncle Tom ever mindful of a mule's tricks, had carried along with him a few doses of persuasion, in the form of a hickory sapling. After crying "gee up" until his throat got sore, he unhitched the mule and took him into a fence corner to administer the remedy. At the end of one or two applications of the persuasion, the mule dragged Uncle Tom down in the field. He was coaxed into the fence corner and few more doses were given him and again he dragged Uncle Tom down in the field. A passer-by, seeing the altercation between Uncle Tom and the mule, asked of him which was the best, him or the mule? Uncle Tom, between the drops of perspiration and gazes at the mule and then the stranger, and yet not willing to give in, doffed his hat and said: "mistah, we air boff de bestes'."

So it was with the churches, for when one entered the M. E. church dining parlors, he was given a complete surprise. For the decorations and laden tables proved that the efforts of the committee to give to its patrons all that the heart could wish for.

The Baptist church was on its guard and had it so arranged that if one should have asked for smothered Grouse he would have been supplied. Likewise, the A. M. E. church, which seemed to have expected as its guest, the "Vieled Prophet" of St. Louis or the "Priest of Pallas" of Kansas City, or the "King Mardi Gras" of New Orleans. The C. M. E. and Free Baptist churches are to be congratulated for their excellent showing, considering that they both have small congregations. All the churches realized neat sums of money for their coffers.

Young man, your fall and winter purchases will be incomplete, until you see the Crofton Belt coat handled by those down to date furnishers — The St. Louis Clothing Co.

College students, and others, should give Kuhn & Co., a call. Corner Lamine and Pettis sts.

G. U. O. O. F. BALL.

A Thanksgiving Treat.

The ball given by that lodge of this city, at Liberty Park, was a success in every way, both as a society event and a benevolent affair. The guests were selected by invitation, tho many who were invited, fearing the usual conglomeration of guests, did not go. The management, under the directions and generalship of Mr. Lewis Cowan, is commended in the highest terms, and he receives continued praise for his getting up of that down-to-date menu.

With the Q. C. Band at the helm and Arthur Channels at the Piano, many tripped the light fantastic toe to the beautiful strains of music. The "whir" and "swish" of the dancer's costumes as they flitted by, carried one on th wings of ecstasy into the fairy land, where the plaintive major, the appealing minor and the enchanting dominant chords, in their voluptuous crescendo and vincible minuendo, made one forgetful of the real world, and caused his heart to be susceptible only to the higher propensities of human ideals.

Thus, the G. U. O. O. F. won the pleasure lovers hearts, and if at the next affair such discretion is used, in the selection of guests onls the "Elips" in fairy land will surpass them in the purity and excellency of their pleasures.

Home For Thanksgiving.

Miss Julia Hayden, the Mistress of the public School at Lincoln, Mo., came home to spend thanksgiving with parents and friends, and, too, to mingle with the playmates of her girlhood days.

Miss Hayden has selected the art of teaching as her avocation, and is very well fitted for her work. But if she does not become satisfied with her present stage of culture and development and seeks a higher one, we predict that she will figure prominently in the culturing and refining of the coming youth.

INSPECTING STATE COURTS.

Mrs. E. L. Smith, of St. Louis, inspecting the Ladies Courts of the State, was a guest of Sharon and Centennial Courts last Friday evening. The two courts combined gave for her a delightful reception in their hall on Main, st.

A very helpful and inspiring talk was made by Mrs. Smith, after which a delicious repast was served. Mrs. Chas. Simpson came up from Smithton to meet with the sisters.